la Revolution, corresponding with Mercury and Victory over the gates of the Tuileries. A few red caps remain on the public buildings; they look like lightning conductors. As the *fleurs-de-lis* have been chipped off the public edifices, one might imagine that Paris had been besieged and battered.

Madame Laborde has begun to dress her servants in livery. M. Koenig, Swedish secretary, has orders from his Court to solicit for Sir Sidney's release. *I* fear it is a *coup d'epee dans l'eau.*

I went to the ball at PHotel de Marboeuf, to which Lyc6e *I* am a subscriber. It was crowded. Carnot's wife was there, but there was no distinction whatever paid to her, or particular notice taken of her.

February 15^, 1797.

I have received all yours; but if I had "Tristram" here, I would copy out Bishop Ernulphus's excommunication and pronounce it upon Mrs. Talbot's Justinia, the brother-in-law and the poor old creature—all beings I have not the

slightest
idea of. I am quite sick of them; and
the devil
will have it that my man's name is
Talbot; so I